1601/533

PUNCH,

A

PANEGYRIC.

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PANEGYRIC,

Attempted in the Manner of

MILTON.

Honos erit huic quoque.— VIRGIL.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXIX.

PUNCH,

15 JUN 72

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A

PANEGYRIC.

LIGHT lie the Turf upon Pomona's Bard!
The Tankard's Bleſſing ſoberly bedew
The Lip of Him*, who harmoniz'd her Chime!
My penſive Seats, at thirſty Hour of Noon,
Let PUNCH imbalm! while from the gaudy Day
Sagely inſhrin'd, with ſolitary Hand,
At decent Interval, the ſpacious Bowl

* Mr. WARTON, the ingenious Author of a Panegyric on Ale.

I fill,

I fill, I finiſh. Hail, mellifluous Stream!
Æthereal Bleſſing! Multiform, yet mix'd,
In kindlieſt Harmony! What tho' my Cups
The taſteful Showers of Auſonian Hills
Temper no more; nor Grape of ſhelvy Loire
Delight, Recorder meet of Nymph divine;
Tho' round my vacant Board diſconſolate
Sour Famine ſtalks, and what more chill Miſchance
Annoys the ungenial Noon of Him, who views
Thro' the dark Viſible of Figures dim,
A Factor's* broad Palm ſhadowy o'er his Lands,
Beck'ning Retreat; yet thy aſſuaſive Balm
Atones for all, Oblivion fetters ſoft
The Stir of Thought, and ſeals the Eye of Care.

* A *Weſt India* Factor whoſe Addreſs in Accounts, under the Pretence of ſupplying an Eſtate, explains it away from the Proprietor.

Add yet, my breefy Citadel aſcends
The annual Echo of Lucina's Name,
(Leſs tuneable the Plaint from ſtol'n Amour,
Whether or Juſtice ſage, or private Squire,
Smit with the rural Arm of Damſel coy,
Have us'd their Might, on Population's Toil
Intent) nor ſtudious of the vocal Chime,
Nor ſkill'd, in Chair contemplative ſweet pois'd
My penſile Limbs, I quaff the ſilent Balm.

Oft too, unmindful of the heavenly Muſe,
In Meditation of my Ills, I climb
The Mart of Trade, and providently wheel
Thro' Crouds, and Dirt, and Noiſe, and hoſtile Forms,

With Hands, and Head, and Cane, and battling Feet,
My wary Corpſe; then Chimney-ſweeper greet
Vocal, in Caſſoc of ſtaid Wiſdom's Hue,
Or Aſs ambiguous 'neath the Pannier Load,
Or Syren ſhrill, or Oyſter-crowned Nymph,
Her looſe Locks dripping with the Naiad Dew;
My grateful Hands mean while, by Venus ſent,
Sage Hermes ſtrews with medicinal Bills.

Thus muſing on I win my Way, nor fail
With reverential Pauſe, at the Approach
Of Lud's dire Cliffs, my Oriſons to pay
At Aſhley's balmy Ciſtern, where thy Tide
Fountful, broke forth Original, where ſteams
Thy Palace high of Odors; whoſe wide Gates,

Prompt

Prompt he, for Albion's Glory, not his own,
Inflam'd with public Love, unbarr'd to all,
Impervious late, but to the ſilver Bough.
Hail, Sire Inventive! Friend to Thirſt! the Lip
Moiſten'd by thee ſhall ever chaunt the Praiſe
Of PUNCH, and with her Praiſe thee, Aſhley, name!

Oil'd by the magic Juice, recover'd Way
I ſeize, and in brown Majeſty aſcend
The aery Height, with unſupplanted Feet.

Nor ſeldom with more lenient Finger mild
In Coffee-Room, the Ledger's gentle Page
Sollicit I, as bleak the North Wind keen
My toiled Pinnace on the wintry Deep,

Blows devious wide, while Sorrow chills my Frame
Æthereal; the mild Populace, whom lead
Congenial Counſels to the ſelf-ſame Bower,
Throng round, and conſcious of the clammy Board
Suſpend the Wing, (as Bees the Suburb ſweet
Of their Spring Palace, newly pav'd with Balm,
Cluſtring, frequent) while near th' incumbent Bowl
From me in Sorrow never diſtant far,
The ample Board imbrowns from Side to Side
Immeaſurable; round we couch, a ſtill
But ſteady Band, as in proclaimed War
The cloſing Lines of Albion, a fix'd File,
Inveſt ſome mighty Citadel, firm bent
To ſhake her Baſe, tho' perilous deem'd; ſo we
(But fix'd on Peace) or as the gallant Crew,

While ſleeps the Trade-Wind on the eternal Deep,
'Mid ſpicy Odors with broad Brawn impel
The ſtately Barge of ſome proud Ammiral,
All bend, all dip, in Harmony compleat,
The well-tim'd Oar, unanimous; high flies
The cheerful Tide; ſo numerous we, in ſmooth
Attuned Toil, till by prolonged Cups
The Genius of the Circle moves amain;
Then Wiſdom dawns, Joy and Atchievement high
Sits pleas'd, the Conteſt burns, the indentur'd Clerk
To Speculation ſprings, the Brow of Trade
Battles for Mirth, the Mariner aduſt
His thirſty Soul expanding to the Balm,
Horrific grins an iron Smile; to me

Other thy Cups! what Time in Knighton's Vale
Their neat Repaſt conſign'd to Elegance,
Of Love, and blue-ey'd Burneby, the Bower;
While yet I teas'd the Ringlets of her Hair,
With Neck reverted, and ſweet-glanc'd Regard,
Coyly rebuking, as her Hand intent
Touch'd the light Dainties of no vulgar Lyre.

Nor leſs thy Dew nocturnal I purſue
Amid my claſſic Haunts, delicious Seats,
Of Trinity, where glides in milder Charm
Thy circling Joy, the Brothers to the Vine
Diſmiſs the Vow (the Doyly high uphung
Bleach'd in the Winds) but all at ſhady Eve

Thick

Thick as the vernal Bloom, aſſemble round
The Mitchell's* Urn, in Love of her Regale,
All ſtretch their Hands, nor will their Poet chaunt,
Tho' ſweet his Shell, the Mitchell unador'd.

By thee inſpir'd, or unreplying Purſe,
Chimeleſs and ſlow, I meditate the Floors
Of courteous Biſcoe, by whoſe Aid, ſerene
My Pencil glides, as oft at vacant Noon,
I view, unſilver'd by a Shilling's Ray,
The comely Wreath ſweet pendant on my Bowl.

With PUNCH bedew'd, the Soldier's Pedantry,
The Prieſthood's Zeal, the Senate's Eloquence,

* A Punch-Veſſel of a peculiar Conſtruction, much in the Hands and Eſteem of the Fellows of Trinity College.

The

The Bench's Mirth inelegant, wiſe Wealth,
The Traveller's looſe Heart, the Courtier's Smile,
The brittle Vow of the obdurate Fair,
All, all ſubſide; the mortal Tear I wipe
With mortal Hand, and chaſe the unhallow'd Care.

Thus while in Dalliance with my native Bowl
Full ſimple Bard, her Solace I recite,
And gaze unweary'd on each endleſs Charm,
The Factor's Web winds round my joyleſs Land;
And now no more to Albion's chalky Bourns
The ſtately Bark my Canes delicious Sweet
Obſequious rolls, or Heart-reviving Rum;
Dry ſits my Bowl, ineloquent my Shell.

Thus ſome irriguous Valley laughs awhile,
But if the Gods the honey'd Shower ſuſpend,
Her Dew-deſerted Beauties quickly fade,
The ruddy Vi'let, the wild Eglantine,
The Daiſy py'd, the gentle Primroſe pale,
And Hare-bell, vary'd with a hundred Hues.

FINIS.

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